Cade. Proclaime ſilence.

All. Silence.

Cade. I Iohn Cade, ſo named for my valiancy.

Dicke. Or rather for ſtealing of a cade of ſprats.

Cade. My father, was a Mortimer.

Dicke. He was an honeſt man, and a good bricke-layer.

Cade. My mother came of the Lacies.

Nicke. She was a Pedlers daughter indeed, & ſold many laces.

Robin. And now being not able to occupy her furr'd packe,
She waſheth buckes vp and downe the countrey.

Cade. Therefore I am honourably borne.

Harry. I the field is honourable, for hee was borne vnder a hedge, becauſe his father had no other houſe but the cage.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

George. That's true, I know he can endure any thing,
For I haue ſeene him whipt two market dayes togither.

Cadr. I feare neither ſword nor fire.

Will. He neede not feare the ſword, for his coate is of proofe.

Dicke. But methinkes he ſhould feare the fire, being ſo often burnt in the hand, for ſtealing of ſheepe.

Cade. Therefore be braue, for your Captain is braue, & vowes reformation: you ſhall haue ſeuen halfepeny loaues for a penny, and the three hoopt pot ſhall haue ten hoopes, and it ſhalbe felony to drinke ſmall beere, if I be King, as King I will be.

All. God ſaue your Maieſty.

Cade. I thanke you good people, you ſhall all eate and drinke of my ſcore, and go all in my liuery; and wee'll haue no writing but the ſcore and the Tally, and there ſhall be no lawes but ſuch as come from my mouth.

Dicke. Wee ſhall haue ſore lawes then, for he was thruſt into the mouth the other day.

Geo. I and ſtinking law too, for his breath ſtinkes ſo, that one cannot abide it.

Enter Will with the Clarke of Chattam.

Will. Oh Captaine, a prize.

Cade. Who's that *Will*?

Will. The Clarke of Chattam, he can write and reade and caſt account,

account, I tooke him ſettin
in his pocket with red lette
Cade. Zounds he's a Cor
Now ſir, what's your name
Clarke. Emanuell ſir, and
Dicke. It will go hard w
For they vſe to write that c
Cade. What do ye vſe to
ent forefathers haue done,
Clarke. Nay truly ſir, I p
vp, that I can write mine o
Cade. Oh he has confeſt
horne about his necke.

Tom. Captaine, New
brother are coming with t
Cade. Let them come, h
Tom. No, no, he's but a
Cade. Why then to equ
Kneele downe Iohn Morte
Riſe vp ſir Iohn Mortemer
Is there any more of them
Tom. I his brother.
Cade. Then kneele dow
He k
Riſe vp ſir Dicke Butcher.

Enter Sir Humfrey
Drum

Cade. As for theſe ſilken
Tis to you good people th
Staf. Why Country-me
To follow this rebellious
Why his Father was a brick
Cade. Well, and Adam
But I come of the Mortem
Staf. I, the Duke of Yor

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